

4-9-2014

Elective Recital: David Fenwick and Ian Wiese, composition

David Fenwick

Ian Wiese

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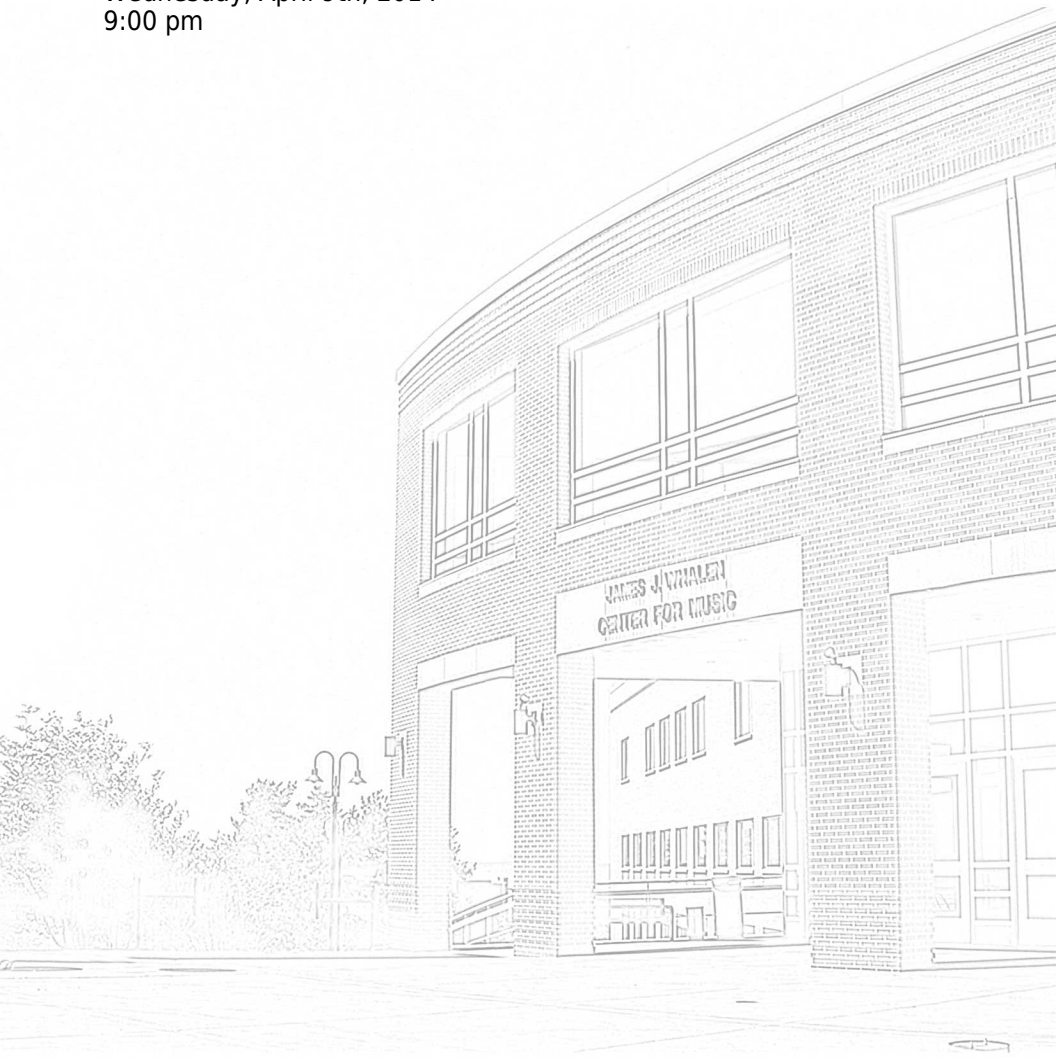
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Joint Recital: David Fenwick and Ian Wiese, composers

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Wednesday, April 9th, 2014
9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Chaotic Voices Ian Wiese
(b. 1994)
Jonathan Fenwick and Michael Petit, violins; Austin Savage, viola; David Fenwick, cello

Shai Hulud David Fenwick
(b. 1993)
Allison Kraus, flute; Kestrel Curro, clarinet and bass clarinet; Jonathan Fenwick, violin; David Fenwick, cello

Sonata for Harpsichord Ian Wiese
I. Adagio (Faux Dramatics)
II. Allegro con fuoco (In Homage to Vladimir Rebikov)
III. Allegro con fuoco (A Little Bit Jazzy)
Ni Zhang, harpsichord

Intermission

Étude for Cello and Drone David Fenwick
David Fenwick, cello; Gillian Dana, bass

Scherzo for Oboe and Viola David Fenwick
Jake Walsh, oboe; Austin Savage, viola

Two Short Character Pieces for Solo Cello Ian Wiese
I. Slow and Spacey
II. Fast and Driving
David Fenwick, cello

Three Poems by Robin Ekiss Ian Wiese
text by Robin Ekiss
I. The Past Is Another Country
II. Portrait of Houdini with Wife
III. Edison in Love
Samantha Kwan, mezzo-soprano; Jonathan Fenwick and Michael Petit, violins; Austin Savage, viola; David Fenwick, cello

Program Notes

Three Poems by Robin Ekiss

This song cycle was written for the 2013 New Voices Festival, the inaugural year of the literary festival, under the direction of Professor Christopher Holmes of the Department of English and Professor Eleanor Henderson of the Department of Writing. It premiered to an audience of writers, poets, faculty, and student guides, including the poet Robin Ekiss, on April 25th, 2013. This piece is dedicated to Robin Ekiss.

I. The Past Is Another Country

I'm no longer in love
with the sand that makes the pearl,

or anything grainy
that hardens its beauty

by passing through pain.
Bone revisits the porous soil

and presses itself into coal.
Whole colonies of canaries

refuse to return from *that* mine.
Is there anything yellower

than their dark shaft of regret?
The past is another country,

all its cities are forbidden,
their borders closed to you

on every side, while here
God has many mansions,

all too small to live in.
When I inherit his palace,

I'll take my moat everywhere
making difficult any crossing.

II. Portrait of Houdini with Wife

The pleasure of contrast: not chained up
in an oilcloth sack underwater, holding his breath,
but composing himself

for the camera, in his only suit.

You have to understand photography—
unforgiving mirror, unlike oils that soften

the hard edges of a man's face
if you want them to, or velvet curtain
shielding the pine box during an escape.

The audience imagines his bones contracting
to a splinter. That's not at all how it's done—
the camera's lens blanketed by cloth

to keep it in the dark; any halo of light
ruptures the film with shadow. His eyes already
turn inward to that place we're going.

She thinks about escape too:
at the horse butcher, in line like the others,
or arguing over the price of bread

at the Market of Innocents. Adam's rib
is forever hidden inside her chest
as the force of blows hibernates in a boxer's fist,

but she, at least, is smiling when he says,
We have such a small family,
meaning *your body*

won't open to me—it's shackled
inside its cage: love and rage,
whose bars are meant to be broken.

III. Edison in Love

Thomas Edison loved a doll
with a tiny phonograph inside
because he made her speak.

Is there any other reason
to love a woman? Did she say
the ghost of my conception

or something equally demure?

It's hard to be sure how he feels
when he holds me, I fall apart.

I'm projecting here. He didn't feel
her first transgression
was in having no expression.

René Descartes, too, traveled alone
with a doll-in-a-box
he called his daughter. *Francine*,

Francine... is it better to be silent
and wait for everything
we were promised?

Or should we love them back,
the way a train loves its destination,
as if we have the machinery necessary for it?

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Shai Hulud

I. (p. 264)

"We must walk without rhythm," Paul said as he called up the memory of men walking the sand...both prescient memory and real memory.

"Watch how I do it," he said. "This is how Fremmen walk the sand." He stepped out onto the windward face of the dune, following the curve of it, moved with a dragging pace. Jessica studied his progress for ten steps, followed, imitating him. She saw the sense of it: they must sound like the natural shifting of sand, like the wind. But the muscles protested this unnatural, broken pattern: Step...drag...drag...step...step...wait...drag...step...

II. (p. 529)

SHAI-HULUD: Sandworm of Arrakis, the "Old man of the Desert," "Old Father Eternity," and "Grandfather of the Desert." Significantly, this name, when referred to in a certain tone or when written with capital letters designates the earth diety of Fremmen hearth superstitions. Sandworms grow to enormous size (specimens larger than 400 meters have been seen in the deep desert) and live to great age unless slain by one of their fellows or drowned in water, which is poisonous to them. Most of the sand on Arrakis is created by sandworm action.

III. (p. 390)

When he threw the latch, the thumper would begin its summons. Across the sand, a giant worm—a maker—would hear and come to the drumming. With the whipike hook-staffs, Paul knew, he could mount the maker's high curving back. For as long as a forward edge of a worm's ring segment was held open by a hook, open to admit abrasive sand into the more sensitive interior, the creature would not retreat beneath the desert. It would, in fact, roll its gigantic body to bring the opened segment as far away from the desert surface as possible.

I am a sandrider, Paul told himself.

All text is reproduced from Frank Herbert's Novel, *Dune* (NY, Chilton Co., 1965).